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# THE LITTLE BLUE GHOST

BY

J. D. LOGAN

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# *The Little Blue Ghost*



*And Other Easter Madrigals*

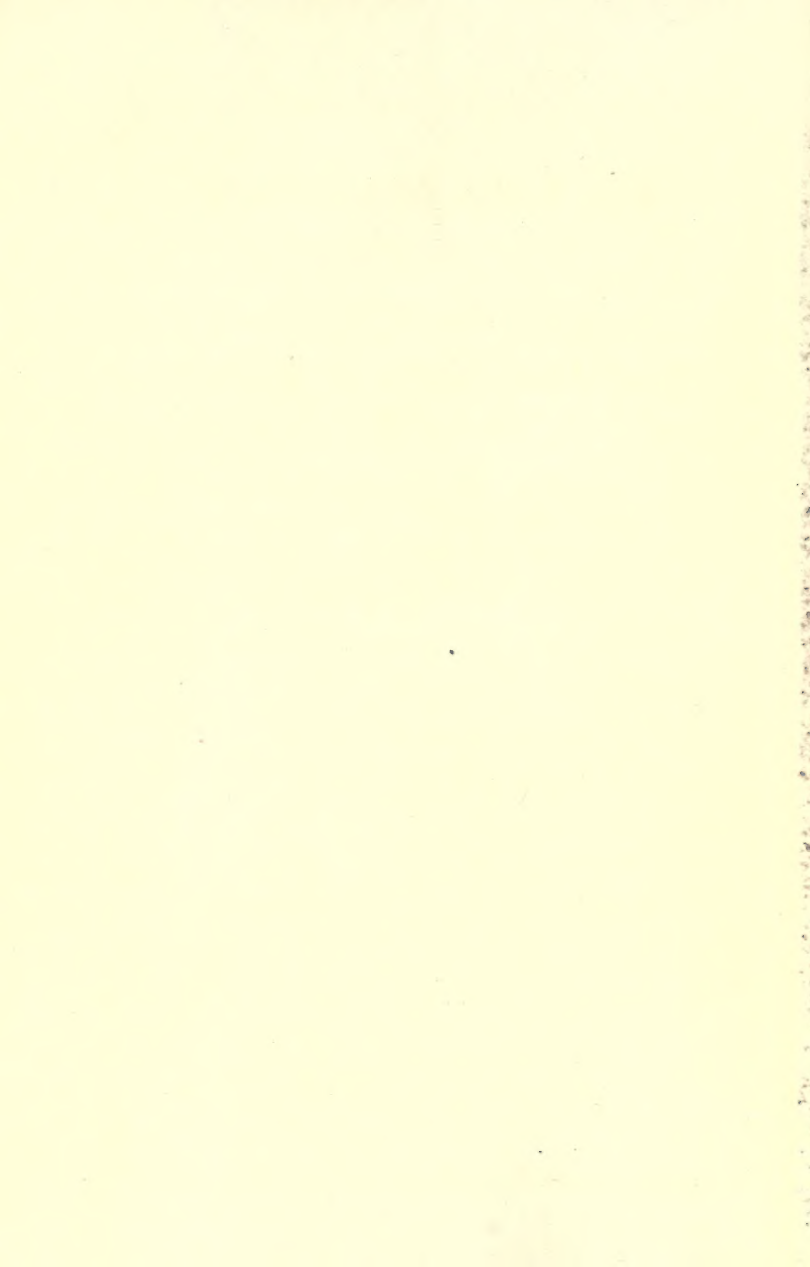


To Rev. Father Phelan,

Who has taken in my  
heart & life this place  
which was Monsignor Foley's  
in my spiritual history  
& self-narration.

J. J. Hogan





# The Little Blue Ghost

An Easter Madrigal

WITH THE

## Lost Love Letters of Florian the Apostate

Addressed, with Other Madrigals  
from the Letters, to NOEMI,  
the Unknown Lady of the  
"White Nights" in France. . .

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BY

JOHN DANIEL LOGAN

Author of "Songs of the Spirit at Vespertise",  
"Nocturnes and Wood-Notes", Etc.

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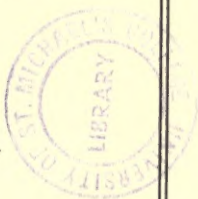
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BY  
JOHN DANIEL LOGAN



# Dedication.

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AD LUSCINIOLAM  
CANORISSIMAM ET AMABILISSIMEM

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. . . . . *O laborum*  
*Dulce lenimen, mihi cunque salve*  
*Rite vocanti*

—*Horace: Car. I, 32.*

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## PARVA AMEM

LET me most love and prize  
God's gifts of Little Things—  
The Little Child whose eyes  
Show happy visitings;  
The Little Flower that blows  
Beside a shady stone;  
The Little Star that glows,  
Clear-seen by me alone;  
The Little Bird that trills  
With Life's wild ecstasy;  
The Little Book that spills  
Sweet founts of memory—

The book whose thoughts are gentle, kind, and innocent  
As those of Her to whom this Little Book is sent.

—J. D. L.



## PREFATORY NOTE

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"ALL we, like sheep, have gone astray, and we have turned each into his own way," said the poet-prophet Isaiah. Some of us have gone astray through wilful sin; some through ignorance; others through the foolishness of speculative philosophy, which breeds agnosticism and at least indifference to religion. To the last class I belonged—for many years. This little book is a witness to those, as I believe, authentic heaven-sent transfigurations of the Ideal which came to me when, first, in the midst of a brutal business, in France, I saw the Angel of Christ appear "in the beauty of the lilies," but knew not that the apparition was His Angel; and when, after many months, while still apostate, I saw again the *living* embodiment of the Ideal, lovelier than lilies' light— and nearby I beheld also the Sorrowful Face and the Pierced Hands of Christ. Then did I know, against all doubt and cavil of philosophy, that the living Christ and the living Beauty of the Spirit were real, and that salvation and immortal happiness lay in obedience to the heavenly vision. This little book, therefore, does not contain an allegory, or an invented literary story of unreal spiritual history. It contains real experiences; and its prose and verse are both a proof and a memorial of the truth that the Love of God and of Spiritual Beauty, as it is in Christ and our Blessed Lady (who is Woman transfigured in perfection), is the way of salvation and of all good and saving deeds. Let me add that it is the same faculty and need—the imagination and heart—that create Love and Beauty, Poetry and Religion. The pure and high-minded Poet is the supreme layman Priest of Religion and the Religious Ideal. And he knows, more than any other, that, as Plato said, it is a hard, hard task to achieve Beauty in thought, speech, and deed. Without Love it cannot be achieved.

J. D. LOGAN.





## THE LITTLE BLUE GHOST

### An Easter Madrigal

---

AT ME rude men scoff day by day,  
Saying:—"What manner of man is this,  
Who smiles, though all the world's amiss?"  
But I know how pure happiness can be,  
When You—a little blue ghost—walk close and talk  
with me!

Soon as the gloaming shades descend,  
And I, at peace within a nook,  
Re-read the Word from out the Book,  
My chamber door turns silently,  
And in you slip—a little blue ghost—to visit me.

Oh, I am weak,—yet I am strong;  
And should I win to Heaven at length,  
I'll know whose love was my sure strength:  
For when I kneel in sanctuary,  
You kneel there, too,—a little blue ghost—and pray  
for me!

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF FLORIAN THE  
APOSTATE TO NOEMI, THE UNKNOWN  
LADY OF THE WHITE NIGHTS IN FRANCE

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I

In the Field,  
Somewhere in France,  
Thursday Before Easter, 1917.

DEAR NOEMI,\*—

To myself I name you Noemi of Nowhere. For such you are, since I certainly know *that* you are; but *where* you came from, or how, or why, I cannot tell. I knew you were near, first on a certain "white night" (White nights are hours when the soul and all the senses are awake and the darkness and the silence seem self-conscious as if expecting an unknown visitor or aware of one, unseen but close by). So you companioned me on that unforgettable "white night," though I saw you not, nor heard you speak, and thus I knew not what you were or what your name. But the next day, and for days afterwards, I heard your name. Peeping up from the side of the iron roads to war, a shy, sweet flower would pipe to me, "I am Noemi"; or a winsome little French maiden would run out from a ruined home to gaze at the browned

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\*Stress and quantitative accent on the antepenult; vocalized, "o" as in "know"; "e" as in "let"; "i" as "y" in "happy".



soldiers passing, and would say to me, with her white face and wistful blue eyes, "I am Noemi"; and once a single lark rose from the gray grass of a field, soaring straight to the sunlit sky, and the song of the lark's ecstasy seemed to phrase itself into, "I am Noemi—the soul of Noemi." Soon another "white night," and you came, but I only *felt* you there, and I said, calling you by the name I had heard from little innocent flower and child and bird, "Oh, Noemi, who are you, and what would you have me do?" And there appeared before me no form of person, but only the glistening white-and-gold of a lenten-lily; and from its golden chalice a voice whispered, "I am the soul of Noemi—and my beauty is the beauty of those who are pure in heart and love God. God will preserve you; for He has other work for you to do. Therefore, seek God and love the Beauty of Holiness—and it shall be well with you forever." And so I promised to love God and Beauty. Then the miracle—you, Noemi, the white-and-gold daffodil changed to the Vision of a Woman of ineffable beauty; and I named you "The Lily of the White Nights." Forthwith, I vowed, as Dante secretly vowed, for his love of Beatrice, to love the beauty of your spirit, Noemi, and to write of you, if God should grant me power, what never had been written of woman. Then, when I had made my vow and pledge, you spoke and said, "I am not Noemi of Nowhere. I am Noemi of the Valley of Adona and I am the light of all the pure and true Knights of the Spirit who pass through the Valley of Adona searching for the Holy Grail. Lo, the dawn is on the hills, and I must away to Adona. Keep the faith with me." Then you vanished, Noemi, and I, ponder-

ing on my soul's new estate, memorialized your visit and your loveliness in these unworthy verses; for they anticipate experiences to follow after; and are but a Prelude which I name—

## THE MIRACLE

AH, once I trod not dear Adona's vale,  
Ah, once I took not paths that led to You:  
I went, a vagrant, far beyond the pale  
Of Light. Then suddenly the miracle!—  
The Wondrous sweet surprize!—  
Adona's vale, and YOU, with luculent, com-  
pelling eyes,  
And star-tipped fingers pointing to the ruddy-  
gleaming Grail.

How my sin-blinded eyes beheld, I cannot tell:  
But this I know: I sought the way to dear  
Adona's vale  
And YOU—and still you point, and still I seek  
the Grail,  
For You, for YOU, O Noemi of dear Adona's  
dell!

As I said, these verses are an anticipatory Prelude,  
for I have as yet only the wonder of you and the begin-  
nings of the worship of you. But I know I love you.  
And so I must sign my letter,

FLORIAN THE APOSTATE.

P. S.—In my next letter I'll explain the truth of the  
ignoble signature.

F. T. A.

## II

In the Field,  
Somewhere in France,  
Saturday Before Easter, 1917.

### SONG AND STAR

HOW SWEET the artless serenades of every wood-  
land bird!

How radiant the beauty of the starry canopy!

Yet, to my spirit, lovelier far

Than song of bird or sheen of star

The beauty is which inner eye alone can see,

The music which in silence only can be heard.

All these in one, O Noemi, to me You are—

More winning than song of bird and fairer than fairest  
star!

---

### DEAR NOEMI,—

There!—I have serenaded you with a madrigal before beginning my letter to you. Serenades, of course, are vesper or night songs, delivered under the oriel of the boudoir of one's Lady, with only Luna and her myriad family of pretty little Stars to behold what is going on, the stars blinking as if trying to shut their eyes so as not to see, or winking at one another in roguish merriment at the sight of a big, strong man making an idiot of himself, by offering verbal and tonal doilies to a fair lady at peace, till then, in her boudoir. But my serenade was sung, in Vergil's phrase, "in silentia lunae"—under the silent watches of the night—to you, Noemi, so far away, in Adona's vale, that you could not hear. Last night was not a "white night" for me—you did not come, but I recalled you in fancy today—a day glorious with sunshine and the air ringing with the



liltings of birds. And so I serenaded the memory of you. Now it is eventide, and the canopy of heaven is diamonded with a million-million stars, shining peacefully as if peace were on earth. But there is no peace—and that reminds me that I promised to tell you who I really am, what I was, and why I signed my first letter to you with this signature: "Florian the Apostate." I shall be simple and direct; for you win truth from me.

A mediaeval proverb says:—"Three things of beauty there are on this earth—a priest in vestments, a knight in armor, and a woman radiant with jewels" (*Tre cose belle in questo mondo: prete parato, cavaliere armato, e donna ornata*). These three things of beauty are symbols of Faith in God, Valor, and Love. Many, many years they were to me unmeaning and vain symbols. For, in the world, I was, from childhood till long past my majority, Florian the Fair, being richly endowed in faculty and capacity. But now I know that to the Eternal Verity I was, as I am, Florian the Apostate. For I lost my Faith in God. True I am a soldier in kakhi, but I am far from a knight in armor, and I really never loved any woman, jewelled or unjewelled. Ah, surely, I had loved Heliodore—long, long ago. Now, Heliodore was a ravishing Daughter of the Sun. And because I loved her, she gave me wings, frail and insecure, as I learned; and with them I followed her to the empyrean. At length, too high up from accustomed realities, I lost myself in doubt; the light of Heliodore's beauty went out; and I fell to earth, where I lay wingless and in darkness. Heliodore was Philosophy, and her fairness was only the reflection of the light of the dying Sun of Negation.

And so I became Florian the Apostate, and I knew naught of Faith and Valor and Love—until you came, Noemi. And you are beautiful as no other Woman is beautiful—your only robe the lily of your loveliness; your only jewels the soft sappharine light of your patient, ever-pleading eyes. You hold me in

absolute thrall, Noemi, for the secret eyes of my soul have seen in you the Ideal Beauty—and I shall love you henceforth, and follow you, Noemi, as a pure, true and devoted Knight, into the Valley of Adona and up the Hill of Valor and Achievement. Stay me, Noemi; for already I fear and falter! Oh, I know, Beloved, I am not wholly won yet. I am still, alas!—

FLORIAN THE APOSTATE.

### III

In the Field,  
Somewhere in France,  
Tuesday After Easter Monday, 1917.

DEAR NOEMI,—

I have just come out of the fiery furnace in the maw of hell—VIMY! Two days ago, Easter (Sunday), the day was brilliant with sunshine, and the choir of birds was singing matins and antiphonies, as if there were peace on earth and goodwill towards all men. With my comrades I went to a religious meeting, to hear God's truth and to sing His praises, little thinking that we should learn that my battalion would the same morning move out to go into battle, possibly that evening, at any rate early the next morning. The padre who addressed us said, at the close, "Goodbye, lads, goodbye, good luck, and may you all come back." We moved out and into position. I can hear the music of the band and of the birds—and our lads' laughter, as they swung along unafraid. I heard the laughter of many of them above the roar of the big guns and the rattle of the machine guns, in the midst of battle, on the ridge of Vimy—and many of them died with laughter on their lips. Their consecrated bodies will form part of the mould in Vimy's Gardens of the Dead, where linnets will come

at morn to sing matins and thrushes at eventide to sing vesper-hymns over their hallowed resting-places.

But that is all at end—and I am back in rest-quarters, far from the soul-appalling scene of yesterday. The day has been sunshiny, and is wearing on towards the amethystine light of the gloaming. Once and again, distantly, the peace of the eventide is shattered by booming of great guns. But otherwise I am alone—and I wonder if I shall have another “white night”—and see you, Noemi. For I have just gone through a battle, and have seen the Almighty in His Wrath—and I wonder if He is really the God of Righteousness, of Peace, of Beauty. I cannot escape wholly my old habit of *philosophizing*. I told you I was, oh, sad paradox! in your thrall, but feared that I was still Florian the Apostate. Yet I will confess that if you come again tonight, the lily of your loveliness will win me to a real belief that God is the God of Love and Beauty. You shall be the *proof*—against all philosophizing to the contrary. I *need* you, Noemi—and the thought of your coming wakes in my soul a new music of hope, and triumph, and a tender peace. It has been singing there all day, low-tuned, but, in the anticipated joy of your coming, it is moving, *crescendo*, into the climax of—

## THE SOVEREIGN SONG

ALL through the long, long day unto the Even-hush  
I hear above the world's coarse-toned accompaniment  
A music lovelier than the song of hermit-thrush—  
Clear, unimpassioned preludes of divine content.

How peace-pervading is that music's spell,  
And who the maker—only I know well!

But oh! I listen all day long,  
Until the too, too slow-delaying Even-hush,  
For that soul-stilling, sovereign song,  
Serener than the vesper-hymn of hermit-thrush!



—Ah, there's "taps" sounding. Lights out!—and my spirit's light out, too! For you have not come, Noemi. I want you, and I need you, Noemi. Why have you not come? The fault must be mine. I am too apostate—for only the pure in heart shall see God and his angel. Shall I be left with only the imperishable memory of a Dream? Or will you, Noemi, come again—sometime—and bid me to live. If you do come, it may be there will be only silence, and it may be I shall be Florian the Regenerate, and no longer—

FLORIAN THE APOSTATE.

P. S.—If you will not come any more, send me word of the way to Adona's vale; for I am minded to pursue you there. Oh, my Lily of the White Nights, I love you!

F. T. A.

#### IV

At Galahad Head,  
Rest Haven City,  
November 8, 1918.

DEAR NOEMI,—

At last, it is done! You will recall my anticipatory Prelude in verse, which I wrote down for you in my first letter to you, dated Thursday Before Easter, 1917—

. . . . . Then suddenly the miracle!—  
The wondrous sweet surprise!—  
Adona's vale, and YOU, with luculent, compelling eyes,  
And star-tipped fingers pointing to the ruddy-gleaming Grail!

—well, the miracle has resulted; and I am Florian the Regenerate. I want to tell you how it all came to pass.

My last letter to you was written the day after the battle of Vimy Ridge. I called you to come to me, and added that if you came, it might be that you would find only silence, and it might be that you would find Florian the Regenerate in the place of Florian the Apostate. It was indeed silence these many months between—and I thought that Noemi was really Noemi of Nowhere, Noemi of a Dream. But I was mistaken. You, Noemi, are, to me, the supreme reality of existence. I shall try to make this clear.

Who can explain the mystical sense that one is going to meet a person, for the first time, and that this person is to have a profound and pervasive influence on one's life? A glib-tongued scientist will immediately explain it by calling this sense an instinct, which is no explanation at all, for what is the nature and origin of an instinct? Let that go. But who can explain the still more mystical and mysterious sense that one has met, for the first time, a real person, whose form and spiritual effluences are identical with an apparitional form or presence one beheld and communed with in another land, and that this real person, solely by spiritual effluences, will become both a manifestation of the Ideal Beauty and a constant source of Saving Grace—will, in short, matter all in one's life? Spiritual Beauty transfigured in the form of a Woman, whom one has seen or met for the first time, or a Woman, met for the first time, transfigured in the form of a remembered vision of Spiritual Loveliness—that is a miracle, which scientists may explain as the sense and emotion of beauty passing into religious perception and love of the Ideal, but which I must attribute to the direct act of a fathering Providence. For there are some phases of the spiritual history of men which are beyond the methods and apparatus of abnormal psychology or psycho-

analysis, but which can be explained only as ultimate intuitions of God and of His providential ways with His creatures. Such an apocalyptic vision of Truth and Beauty came to me in that hour when I first saw you in the "white nights" in France, and when, on my return home from the war, I saw, for the first time, one whom I had never even imagined before, and her beauty was the lily of your loveliness—and I knew that I had found you, Noemi, on earth—you, *incarnate*. Who She was, I knew not—and it does not matter, but that She should be you incarnate, matters all. For thereby God revealed to me that Spiritual Beauty, the Ideal, was incarnate on earth, and that *it was therefore possible to achieve in one's own soul what had been achieved in another's*.

But straightway, Noemi, I knew that I should have to achieve regeneration and salvation as Dante achieved it for his part. Near me hangs a familiar painting—Halliday's "Dante on the Bridge." It shows Dante, ascetic, with wondering and wistful eyes, gazing, at a distance, on Beatrice, who, with two companions, is approaching the standing place of the poet. We observe that Beatrice is dressed in white, and has the cold chaste severity of countenance that one sees in the statue of Pallas Athene. Beatrice is the Ideal Beauty—which is Light and Life, if one love and pursue it. By the side of Beatrice walks another. This figure is dark and made ravishing by the painter's treatment of the lines and their flow in her clinging garments, which reveal beautifully modelled torso and limbs. She is the Sensuous Beauty of Ashtoreth—and it causes Spiritual Sickness and Death, if one love sensuous beauty unduly. Ah, Dante knows; and because he knows, he stands at a distance, unseen by Beatrice, and gazes on her with the rapt wistfulness of a worshipper of the heavenly beauty. But Dante did not always thus love Beatrice and the beauty of her spirit.

Dante first saw Beatrice at the home of her father, when she was but seven years old, and Dante was

nine. As he tells us in his *Vita Nuova*, he loved her. Sixteen years after their meeting Beatrice died. But what happened Dante? A few years after her death he wrote the *Vita Nuova*, and told the story of their meeting as children, and how he loved her, and how he would love her till his own death, and how he would not write again of her till he could write more worthily and as no woman had ever been written about (that is, in his *Divine Comedy*, properly called *The Vision*). But Dante forgot Beatrice. He married, and wrote the *Convito*—the *Banquet*—and in that book the Lady of his Heart is not Beatrice whom we saw on the Bridge but her companion, the Lady of the ravishing, sensuous beauty—Ashtoreth or Aphrodite. Yet in it all Dante did not really forget Beatrice. The ineffable Vision came to him—his soul revolted the sensual life, and he turned to the love of the Ideal Beauty, Beatrice the Lily of Spiritual Loveliness.

So, Noemi, did I first see you as my Lily of the “white nights” in France, and I loved you. But the months went by, and I saw you not at all. During those months I forgot you, and loved the Sensual Beauty—until one day I saw you *incarnate*. Then the new Vision of you enthralled me—and I turned and gave myself to you, to worship and follow you. Like Dante I stay at a distance from you, now incarnate to my sight, and worship, and follow, and serve your living person, though I know you are as far from me as Beatrice in Heaven was from Dante, but we are united as spirits in the love of God and the Heavenly Beauty.

Where I first saw you incarnate, and whose beauty you wore in mien, and what was the saving effluence from you, all this I have memorialized in verses descriptive of my unregenerate estate, and my making the Great Decision. I have named them—



## RENASCEANCE

WHEN all my Lamps of Duty had gone out,  
And my white House of Beauty fell in Doubt,  
I, who had been in God's own likeness bred,  
Turned, self-evicted, disinherited:  
Proud went I forth, with pride-shod, scornful feet,  
Till suddenly upon a squalid street  
The laughter of my mirthless, rude derision  
Was silenced by a gentle voice and vision—  
An earthly voice, more sweet than I had heard,  
Low-uttering anew the Saving Word;  
And when I turned to catch the Word of Grace,  
The Vision wore the light of Mary's face!

. . . . .

I have rebuilt my fair, white House of Beauty,  
And all its chambers burn new Lamps of Duty:  
And no one trims and lights those lamps, save she  
Who is my Guardian-Angel,—Noemi!

That new House of Beauty of mine, Noemi, is my soul's inviolate citadel, here in Rest Haven City. I have to leave it daily to go down into the rude, workaday world. But I return to it always at eventide—and always with gladness. For there I am ever companioned by you, Noemi. Over in France you came to me as a vision in the white-and-gold of a lenten-lily. Now in my new House, soon as I wake you appear as the Lily of the White Nights and at evening you come a Little Blue Ghost, to talk and pray with me. You matter most to me in this world: I love you most of all that is on earth; and that love has redeemed me and given me the peace of God that passeth understanding. In gratitude, but with humility, I sign myself,

FLORIAN THE REGENERATE.

## V

At Galahad Head,  
Rest Haven City,  
Easter Morn, 1922.

DEAR NOEMI,—

Five years ago on Thursday Before Easter I saw you for the first time. With God be the rest, as Browning said. I thank God for you and for this Easter Morn. With this note I send you Easter Greetings in the form of verses, which are a litany of your loveliness, and my pledged devotion to you, till I achieve you on the heavenly littoral. The poem is appended, and with it go assurances of my love.

FLORIAN.

---

## NOEMI

### I

NOEMI, Noemi, soul-absorbing Noemi,  
Fairest of Mary's living daughters!—  
Star of my spiritual sight,  
Lovelier than lilies' light  
Glistening from phosphorescent waters!—  
For your love-deeds and your beauty  
I will cleave to faith and duty;  
Up the altar-ways your faithful feet have trod  
I will follow you, O Noemi,—follow you to God!

## II

DEAR compassionate, love-sainted Face,  
Moon of Mary's charity and grace,  
Warm me with your love-glow in the chill  
Of defeat upon my Calvary hill;

Wistful, patient, ever-pleading Eyes,  
Beacons of the way to Paradise,  
Win me past the wiles of Ashtoreth,  
Else I die the everlasting death;

Waiting, outstretched, soft, love-lilied Hands,  
Gentle tendrils of Love's subtle bands,  
Bond me true, as when in that dread tryst  
I kissed, for you, the pierced hands of Christ;

Golden, gracious, soul-exalting Voice,  
Rapture-echo of immortal joys,  
Call me when I falter, faint, or fear:  
Sweet Vesper-bell of Beauty, I shall hear!

## III

NOEMI, Noemi, life-transfusing Noemi,  
Rarest of Beauty's radiant daughters!—  
Light of Life's avatar,  
Lovelier than sheen of star  
Mirrored clear on placid, crystal waters!—  
    Captive to your glory-spells,  
    I'll look beyond Love's oriels;  
Take the altar-ways your faultless feet have  
    trod,  
And win, at last, to you, O Noemi,—win to  
    you and God!

Such you are to me, Noemi—for inspiration and achievement, in the days of my strength and the joy of living. What you shall be, in the days when the springs of life are low, I have symbolized in a Postlude, under the poetic figure of the Nightingale. In those days to come you will be—

## THE DEATHLESS NIGHTINGALE

WHEN I am old, and, one by one, devoted friends  
Have passed to timeless Sabbaths on Life's thither  
side,  
I'll wait till all the fierce, impiteous day-fret ends,  
And hang my undimmed love-lamp high each eventide.  
With folded hands, and bent in lowly listening,  
I'll sit before my night-watch windows, opened  
wide,  
To hear the woodland nightingale clear caroling  
Enchanting nocturnes from his wonted woody nide.

What blessed memories his bell-clear clarions will  
bring  
Of lost days on the sunlit lawns of purest bliss—  
Ecstatic days when your most dear companioning  
Turned every fancied desert to an oasis.  
Should Death take all I love—and You whom most  
I prize—  
And leave me bared and lone upon life's bleakest lea,  
He cannot still the nightingale that never dies—  
*Your* nightingale that sings each eventide to me!

And so, Noemi, on earth perdureth Faith, Valor,  
and Love—and the greatest of these is Love of the  
Heavenly Beauty. For such love is the surest source  
and inspiration of faith and valor. This is no mys-  
tical saying. For it does happen—and it cannot be  
gainsaid that it happens—that in experiences of



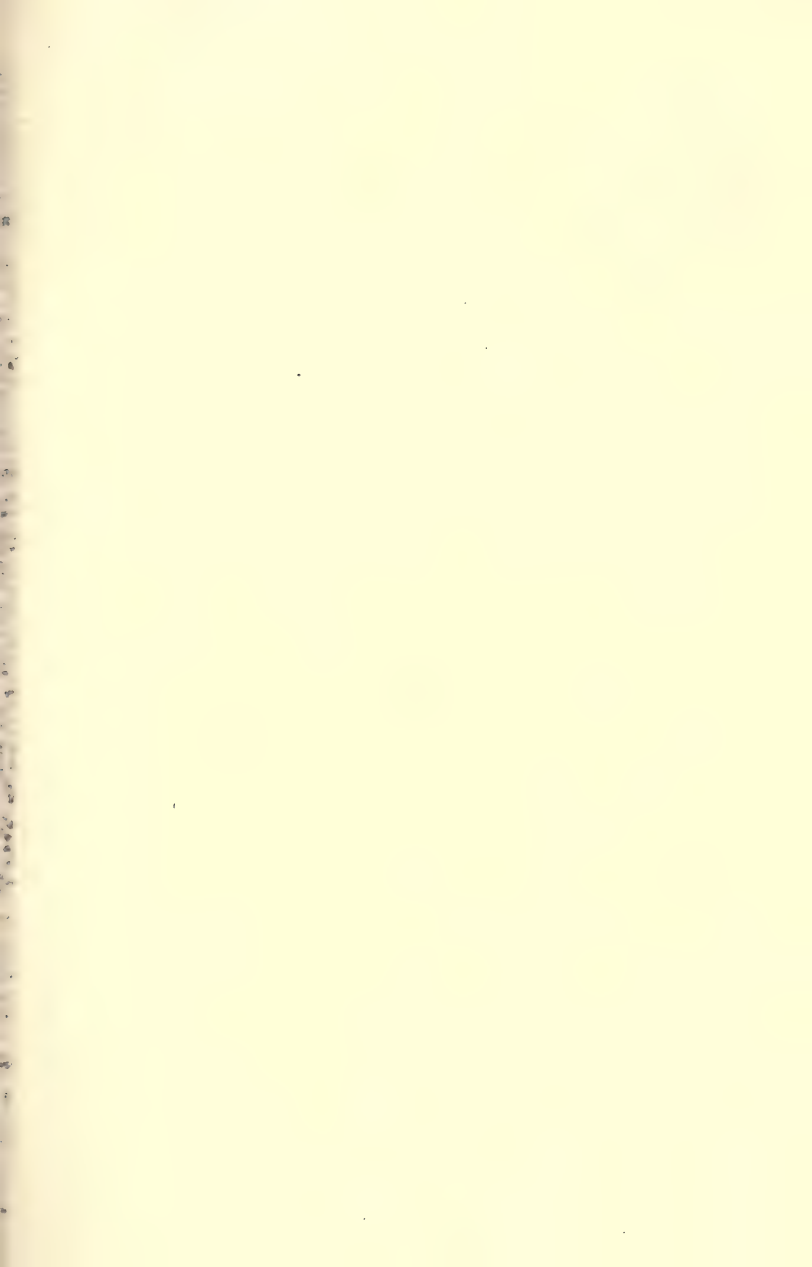
idealized love and beauty even the so-called common man, that is, "Everyman," believes he is drinking the waters of Life and Happiness for which he is ever seeking. Once again, and forever,

FLORIAN.

FINIS.















Logan

AUTHOR

PR

The little blue ghost

9312

TITLE

.053

L5

DATE

ISSUED TO

Logan

PR

The little blue ghost

9312 .

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